THE
NATION

JULY 19, 1958 . . 25c

Cyprus:

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

by Lawrence Durrell

Little Rock:

THE TIMID SCHOOL BOARD

by David G. Salten

Lebanon:

REVOLUTION IN WALTZ TIME

by Edward Wakin

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LETTERS

India and Kashmir: Comment and Rebuttal

In an editorial entitled "Nehru and Kashmir," which appeared in our June 14 issue, we announced—reluctantly, in view of this publication's long-standing sympathy for the Indian people's struggle for independence and for the general policies of the present Indian Government—that we had parted company with Mr. Nehru on the Kashmir issue. Specifically, we said we favored the position taken by Dr. Frank Graham, who since 1951 has served as U.N. "good officer" in the dispute, and who in his latest report to the Security Council proposed a series of steps looking to ultimate solution through a plebiscite.

Following is a commentary on our editorial by an official of the Indian Government, together with our rebuttal.

—THE EDITORS.

Dear Sirs: I have read your editorial on "Nehru and Kashmir" and would like to point out certain facts which I hope will enable you to continue to show the same understanding in regard to the question of Kashmir as you have shown in other problems concerning India.

You have expressed surprise at our rejection of Dr. Graham's recommendations. The reasons for this are obvious if a country is to adhere to certain basic principles in international behavior. Should a country compromise with aggression or stand up against it? The United States was faced with a similar problem when the British and the French attacked Egypt. In regard to Kashmir, the aggression by Pakistan was on Indian territory and the aggression continues.

Whatever the future may hold for Kashmir, by every standard of international law or morality, the State of Jammu and Kashmir became an integral part of India when, on October 26, 1947, the Maharajah of the state acceded to India. Pakistan and India of today include in their territory over 500 Princely States which acceded in this manner, and any challenge to this procedure, which was drawn up by the British Parliament with the consent of the parties concerned, might well have dire consequences for the territorial integrity of both Pakistan and India.

If you examine Dr. Graham's report in the light of this principle, and indeed in the light of previous United Nations decisions, it will be seen that India could not but reject it. His first two proposals refer to the creation and maintenance of a peaceful atmosphere. This has been done consistently by India despite grave provocations. On the other hand Pakistan, through her campaign of *Jehad* ("Holy War"), through her continuous threats against India, through her training and arming of the so-called "Azad" Kashmir forces, the invasion of the northern areas of Kashmir, annexation of the territory of the state wrongly occupied by her and, in the last twelve months, organization of subversion and sabotage and bomb outrages in Kashmir, continues to violate this. Is it reasonable for anyone in the circumstances to equate the guilty and the innocent?

Another of Dr. Graham's proposals refers to the withdrawal of Pakistani troops. This is a repetition of what is already provided for in the UNCIP resolution of August 13, 1948, upon which India has been insisting for ten years without success. While withdrawal of Pakistani troops, regular as well as irregular, would have been adequate in 1948, this withdrawal, in the context of the last ten years' consolidation of aggression by Pakistan, has to be a total vacation of aggression.

The proposal to put United Nations troops on the Pakistan side of the Pakistan-Kashmir border, on the face of it, appears to be a concession by Pakistan. In actual fact, such a procedure would, in effect, be another form of military aid to Pakistan, since it would enable Pakistan to divert its forces, arms and equipment to other Indo-Pakistan borders where, in view of the warlike threats constantly uttered by Pakistani leaders and press, the additional forces would be used to enhance tension between the two countries.

Dr. Graham's other proposal, that the Prime Ministers of the two countries should hold a conference under Graham's auspices, again tries to equate the positions of the two countries, and is contrary to decisions taken previously by the Security Council. The Prime Minister of India, as you have noted, has expressed willingness to meet the Pakistan leaders at any time, but not under anyone's auspices.

Dr. Graham has disregarded Dr. Jarring's findings about the changed circumstances; he has shut his eyes to the changing political, economic and strategic factors surrounding the whole of the Kashmir question, together with the changing pattern of power blocs in West and South Asia. Dr. Graham is silent on the far-reaching changes brought about by Pakistan aggression, and the con-

(*Continued on page 33*)

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks. The next issue will be published on August 2.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

21 ●

ARTICLES

23 ● Cyprus: Personal Reflections
by LAWRENCE DURRELL

24 ● Little Rock: The Timid School Board
by DAVID G. SALTEN

28 ● Lebanon: Revolt in Waltz Time
by EDWARD WAKIN

30 ● Walden on Trial
by TRUMAN NELSON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 ● The Terrible Truth
by JERROLD LANES

35 ● Memorandum Scholarship
by IVAN D. LONDON

35 ● Résumé (poem)
by M. L. ROSENTHAL

36 ● Malady of Thought
by LEWIS GANNETT

37 ● His Own Bowdler
by DILYS LAING

38 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

39 ● Too Old To Read (poem)
by MARK VAN DOREN

40 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 40)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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Carey McWilliams, Editor
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Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Lust for Trivia

Once again a Congressional hearing has cast discredit on legislative investigations in general. Even if much of the criticism directed at them has been irrelevant, the source of the real trouble is not difficult to identify. The hearings were addressed to a subject of legitimate legislative concern and one of major importance, namely, the functioning of the regulatory agencies. Moreover, the subcommittee conducting the hearings started with a clear mandate. Two years ago, the Small Business Committee had issued a report on the regulatory agencies—a model of its kind—which led to the formation of the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. With this report as a blueprint, all the subcommittee needed to do was to follow out the lines of inquiry suggested by the earlier investigation. And this was the original plan or mandate. But from the outset the subcommittee ran into trouble. Initially, there was the pocket-size wire recorder used in an effort to trap a Federal Communications Commissioner. More recently, the subcommittee permitted a vindictive witness publicly to vent slanderous gossip. Now there is the matter of the microphone and the missing files.

Sloppy staff work alone does not explain this debacle. Had the committee proceeded with a proper respect for the high standards of the best investigations, the hearings would have received no more attention in the press than had the earlier ones of the Small Business Committee. So, in order to grab headlines, the staff began to quest about for sordid details, colorful witnesses and "hot" items. The press got interested and so did the public, with consequences that are sadly apparent. Yet every day the press ignores excellent investigations, dealing with subjects of major importance, conducted with scrupulous regard for the rights of witnesses. Indeed, the last first-rate hearings to receive adequate (even if by no means superlative) press coverage were the Pecora, LaFollette and Truman investigations. But let a "sensational" investigation start—and "sensational" investigations are irrelevant almost by definition—and the hearings will be covered to the point of nausea. They will pre-empt the news columns while the editorial pages boom with pious cant about "headline-hunting committees," "disregard of the rights of witnesses," "smears," "irrelevant inquiries" and the rest of it. And, of course, press agentry makes its appearance; everyone involved — witnesses, staff members, committeemen — begin to manipulate the press, and this, in turn, makes the press indignant! Television and radio are even more culpable: cameras and microphones focus only on the vaudeville show, never on the important, properly-conducted hearing.

Make no mistake about it. The debauchery of the Congressional inquiry must be laid, in the first instance, to the lust for trivia of the press, radio and TV.

The Indispensable Institution

Prompt and skillful action on the part of the United Nations has reduced tension in the Lebanon crisis to the point that direct British-American military intervention now seems most unlikely. Returning from a hurried trip to Beirut, Mr. Hammarskjöld lost little time in reporting "no foundation" to the Lebanese charges of "massive infiltration." Coupled with the statement of the chairman of the U.N. observer group that "a civil war" exists in Lebanon, this would seem to close the door on direct intervention. The U.S. Sixth Fleet is no longer steaming up and down the Lebanese coast and Mr. Dulles has, once again, been rescued from the brink of disaster. On all sides it is agreed that the Secretary-General acted with remarkable speed and energy. It is also rather reluctantly conceded by some of its severest critics that the U.N. is, after all, a rather useful organization. It was timely U.N. intervention that produced a cease-fire and withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces during the Suez affair. Suez and Lebanon demonstrate that international power, drawing support from world opinion, is the only power that can be successfully applied in many of today's crisis situations. In Cyprus, massive British power has accomplished nothing; yet even now this senseless tragedy might be resolved if Britain, Greece and Turkey would stand aside for U.N. mediation and possible U.N. control (see Lawrence Durrell's article on page 23).

What is most remarkable about the world organization's action in Lebanon is that Mr. Hammarskjold was able to muster, on such short notice, even the minuscular forces now stationed there. This he was able to do by

JUL 17 '58

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drawing six or seven officers from the Truce Supervision Observers Corps in Jerusalem and rushing in a hundred or so observers from some fourteen nations. The next time the U.N. is asked to intervene, it may not be able to improvise so brilliantly. There is not too much time left, therefore, as Sir Leslie Munro, President of the General Assembly has pointed out, to organize a permanent U.N. force made up of small member-nations personnel only. Despite the limitations of its charter, and the half-hearted support it receives from the great powers, the U.N. remains the world's indispensable institution.

And Then There Was One

It seems to have escaped public notice that as the Vice President stalks the White House, his Republican rivals pass into rather mysterious eclipse. It was Mr. Nixon, of course, who "solved" the G.O.P.'s problem in California by inducing his bitter enemy, Governor Goodwin J. Knight, to run for the Senate, thereby clearing the way for still another rival, Senator Knowland, to win the Republican gubernatorial nomination. A bevy of political columnists concluded that it was "most generous" of the Vice President to have intervened in an angry quarrel in which his two foremost California rivals seemed determined to destroy themselves and the party. But it has been less widely noted that the Vice President was so preoccupied with weighty matters that he found little time to campaign for either. And it is now clear, in the wake of the California primary, that both rivals will be defeated in November and that Mr. Nixon will be left in more or less undisputed control of the California delegation to the 1960 convention. In retrospect, one might even conclude that Mr. Nixon planned it this way.

But there is another unnoticed meaning in the California primary. The strong showing made by the Democrats promptly triggered the decision of Mr. Nixon's chief backers, and by inference of Mr. Nixon as well, to demand the removal of Sherman Adams, the President's highly controversial chief of staff. Without waiting for Mr. Adams to appear before the Harris subcommittee, both the Los Angeles *Times* and *Time* magazine came out strongly in favor of his prompt resignation. True, Mr. Nixon, as a good "team" man, has gone through the motions of defending Mr. Adams, but his statements have been cautious in the extreme, and a Washington newsletter and several columnists have reported that his first reaction was to tell the President, and bluntly, that Adams should resign. The Nixon "slush fund" of 1952 has been happily forgotten, but the gifts which Mr. Adams accepted — a pittance by comparison with those Nixon received — are certain to figure in the November election. The effect might be mitigated if the Presidential Assistant were to resign; and, in any case, the danger of a tie-in with Nixon's own record as a solicitor and receiver of funds would not be so great. It will be remembered, also, that Adams was said to have played a key role in the "ditch Nixon" movement in the spring of 1956, a circumstance which, for all the Vice President's "team" spirit, relieves him of any embarrassing personal loyalties or commitments. (We know, now, on the authority of Mr. Nixon, that the President did in fact suggest that he not run for Vice President in 1956: see Stewart Alsop's article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, July 12.) With Mr. Adams out, the President might be more amenable to suggestions that he retire and thus clear the way for Mr. Nixon to "rebuild" the party. These suggestions could multiply in the wake of severe reverses for the Republican Party in November.

In effect, the resignation of Adams and the retirement of the President would make them the scapegoats for any losses the party may suffer in November; and Mr. Nixon could run, not so much on the Eisenhower record, which would necessarily include the Sherman Adams record, as on the record he might establish in 1959 and 1960. Should this hypothesis be sustained, January may find Mr. Nixon in possession of the White House, with no rivals in California, with little opposition to his nomination in 1960, and with nearly two years in which to "rebuild" the party.

We've never heard it said of Mr. Nixon, but it will be one day, that "the arm around your shoulder may turn out to be the hand at your throat."

Alan Wood but U.S. Steel Wouldn't

A vote of thanks must go to the unnamed public-relations wizard who dreamed up the idea of tapping the Alan Wood Steel Company, twenty-third among the nation's eighty-odd steel producers, for the honor of testing public reaction to a price hike of $6 a ton in steel. Had it not been for the fact that this much-too-clever ploy quickly boomeranged, the price of steel would have jumped $6 a ton on July 1. There have been eleven postwar price increases in the industry. In the past, U.S. Steel has been willing, albeit with increasing reluctance, to assume public responsibility for increases which the company's dominant position permitted it to dictate. But this time it seemed better "public relations" to let "little" Alan Wood appear to set the pace. Accordingly, the Wood firm, with a rated capacity of 800,000 tons as against U.S. Steel's 40,212,000 tons, announced on June 25 that it would raise prices $6 a ton on July 7, while U.S. Steel maintained a demure "wait-and-see" attitude. But once this ludicrous announcement was greeted with the guffaws and cat-calls it deserved, U.S. Steel decided not to follow suit, and Alan Wood quickly withdrew its own price increase.

This, however, is only the first act; the second will

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open on August 12 when Congress adjourns. Once Congress, and particularly Senator Kefauver, is out of the way, it will not be surprising if prices for particular steel products—those sold to customers who can most easily pass the increase along to the consumer—will be quietly increased: for example, the price of tin plate, which the can companies can pass along without too much fuss, and the price of piping and tubing, which the oil companies can absorb. Customers who cannot easily pass along price increases—for example, those who must meet foreign competition — will be treated, on a selective basis, with more consideration. All of which goes to demonstrate how the quondam law of supply and demand operates in the steel industry in the era of administered prices. (See Senator Kefauver's article, *The Nation*, June 28, and editorial comment, July 5.)

The Senator from Alaska

In the treaty by which we acquired Alaska from Russia, the United States promised to grant the people of the territory "the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States." It took ninety-one years to redeem that pledge, a long time even by the casual standards of international morality. But redeem it we did, and we can now say that, having discovered so many important resources over the years in that formidable territory, we have at last found that most precious one, our own virtue.

Not that we didn't need help. During the last twenty years or so, the active conscience of the country, so far as Alaska was concerned, was embodied in a bare handful of men who worked indefatigably in the territory's behalf. Among these was Ernest Gruening, in whom *The Nation*, pardonably, has a special interest, for he was managing editor of this publication during 1920-23, editor in 1933-34, and a good friend and contributor over many more years. Mr. Gruening was also, it happens, Governor of Alaska from 1939 to 1953, and the groundwork for the eventual triumph of the statehood idea was laid during his administration. In 1955, he was chosen keynoter for the Alaskan Constitutional Convention, and for the last eighteen months he and William Egan served in Washington as Alaska's duly elected "Senators" and Ralph J. Rivers as its "Congressman." If these three men did not yet have a vote, they had persuasive tongues, as the final ballot on Alaska's admission showed.

It is certain that, once the formalities of admission are completed, Mr. Gruening will become the Senator (without quotes) from Alaska. The Senate, Alaska, and the country will all profit thereby—and so, we suspect, will Hawaii.

Cyprus: Personal Reflections . . *by Lawrence Durrell*

Gard, France

CYPRUS—this baleful place-name which once was a synonym for sunlit peace and laughter—is once more in the news; and I fear that no amount of clever phrase-making can repair the damage done by British inertness and lack of diplomatic *souplesse*. It is possible that my views are too pessimistic. I set down only what I think, in the light of the current disturbances, which have initiated a new phase — and the bloodiest—in the island's recent history. Am I wrong in thinking that five years ago a diplomatic formula would have enabled the Athens Government to discourage the Greek Cypriots from armed revolt? Perhaps. Am I wrong in thinking that now we have completed the job by losing the Greeks' affection as well as Turkish respect? At any rate, the delaying tactics, the tergiversations, were the chief factor in bringing about the present appalling imbroglio.

Five years ago, any decision might have been accepted. Athens was most reluctant to encourage Cypriots to armed revolt against Greece's oldest friend and ally. Their attempts to stall in the hope of some British formula were almost fatal to the monarchy in Greece; at this time, too, metropolitan Turkey had not yet been mobilized on behalf of the Turkish minorities in Cyprus. Turkish feeling moves slowly, and the build-up of anti-Greek feeling took several years to reach flash-point. The quest for formulas was endless, and on paper the British Government showed great resource. Most of the larger and vaguer formulations were produced from London. "Self-determination" was one; an ironical British officer once told me that it should really have been called "self-procrastination." Then, as the Turkish case hardened, the fatal word "Partition" was dusted off and put into use. And now the Turks, who are nothing if not resolute, have decided to put the word to work for them. Unlike Greeks, they are single-minded and disciplined; they act on decisions without bickering. ("There are at least three EOKA's," said a Greek to me, with a sigh, "all with their own personal programs." But there is only one VOLKAN, of that I am sure.) If the Turks decided to murder

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Greeks on a large scale (and vice versa) it is going to be very difficult to stop them.

The really sad thing is that Cyprus is strategically useless to the British and the Turks, and of only sentimental value to the Greeks (whose sense of history, thanks to their educational system, has stopped somewhere around 1824). The island is not worth the life of a single Greek, Briton or Turk.

But the dangers that the present situation presents cannot be overestimated; the first blow struck by Turks against Greeks in Cyprus is potentially the first blow struck in a new Balkan war. Greece and Turkey have been thrown back emotionally a hundred years. Passions have been revived which have slept for so long that it is generations since the Orthodox hated the Moslem—or vice versa; but now?

It is because I fear this latter development that I think Cyprus merits the attention of the U.N. Morally and psychologically, the problem has passed out of British hands, just as Palestine did. The sooner some international power can step in, the better for us all; at all costs, the danger of a Turko-Greek conflict outside Cyprus must be obviated. "Partition" is no solution, for precisely this reason: any conflict of Greek and Turk in Cyprus would find an instantaneous echo in Athens and Ankara. Cyprus partitioned would represent the feeblest point in the structure of NATO—a real *point neuralgique*. We can see it in action already today. A single community disturbance could inflame Turko-Greek sensibilities. One trembles for the 200,000 Greeks in Turkey, no less than for the 300,000 Turks in Thrace; clearly, the latter would have to be "liberated." If such a terrible development took place, who can gauge the secondary results upon the Balkans? Tito's position, not very secure today, might be badly rocked. The Russians would find another fertile field into which to infiltrate their propaganda or even "volunteers."

These are sad reflections for a British Conservative, but they are my own honest opinion on this much debated topic. In the past there were happier solutions to Cyprus. That time has passed. Once Cyprus was a British problem. The stark dangers presented by the Cyprus situation today make it of urgent and immediate concern on the international level, and I shall breathe a sigh of relief if I am told that the British Government has begun to realize the fact.

I sincerely hope that these somewhat depressing views may prove to be exaggerated—but I fear not. At any rate, there would be little pleasure in that most pleasurable of all things—being able to say: "I told you so."

THE TIMID SCHOOL BOARD . . *by David G. Salten*

Little Rock

JUDGE HARRY LEMLEY'S decision on June 20, delaying integration in Little Rock for two and a half years, has placed a roadblock in the continuing progress of our American public schools toward equality of educational opportunity. If this decision is not reversed in the higher courts, an obscure federal judge who once declared the South "is almost a religion with me," will have accomplished something that neither Orval Faubus and his troops nor mob violence could achieve—the removal of eight Negro students from Central High School.

Both sides in the three-day hearings which preceded Judge Lemley's decision agreed that the eight Negroes had been guiltless of wrongdoing. The fault admittedly was on the side of a small group of white supremacists who displayed their contempt for law and order. Yet it is the Negroes who are being sent away. Apparently we delude ourselves when we consider scapegoat justice a phenomenon of the past. In Little Rock, the sin of a community has been ceremonially attached to a group of eight Negroes —themselves the victims—who will now be driven out to dispel the evil.

The hearings, held June 3-5 on a petition of the school board to delay school integration for two and a half years, resulted in somewhat less than 500 full pages of testimony. As a school superintendent called in as an expert witness on behalf of the NAACP, my chief concern and field of special competence was the practical problem of administration of Central High School. In any American community, however, and especially in Little Rock today, school administration is intimately related to the prevailing political climate of a community and the broad educational policy of its school board. To get a clear picture of the internal situation and school-board planning.
fore, it is necessary to view the collapse of its discipline against the background of failure in the disparate but related areas of political action and school-board planning.

The 1957-58 school year was due to commence on September 3. The Little Rock Board of Education had arranged to enroll nine Negro students in the formerly all-white Central High School. On September 2, Governor Faubus announced that "in the interest of preserving the public peace and tranquility," he had called out units of the Arkansas National Guard and had directed that the white schools be placed "off limits" to Negro students and that the Negro school be placed "off limits" to white students.

Subsequent events indicated clearly that Governor Faubus' method of "preserving the public peace and tranquility" was about as inept an example of governmental adminis-

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tration as can be found in recent American history. One is compelled to accept either the fact of Faubus' amazingly poor judgment, or the theory advanced by some local political sages that his action was designed to make him a symbol of resistance to the Supreme Court decision and assure him a rare prize in Arkansas—a third term as Governor.

Only the most naive of Americans can view the Little Rock controversy as a local rather than a national issue. Traditionally, long-term planning for the solution of national problems is a responsibility of the Executive Branch of the Federal Government. President Eisenhower took firm action on September 24 when he ordered troops of the 101st Airborne Division onto the grounds of Central High. Since then, the President has maintained the position that the responsibility for implementing the decision of the Supreme Court belongs to the courts, and that the Justice Department and the Executive Branch generally will not intervene unless their help is actively sought by local authorities. Thus, the rate of compliance with the Supreme Court's decision will be determined, in effect, by litigation in district federal courts. In the present state of affairs, Little Rock School Superintendent Virgil Blossom's plea for federal legislative assistance is disingenuous because of the attitude of the Southern bloc in Congress.

IN LITTLE ROCK, not one but a whole series of errors has been made —at federal level, at state level and within the school district. My experience and training qualify me to speak on problems of school administration, not on government; and it is therefore to the field of my special competence that this article is addressed.

The three-day hearings before Judge Lemley yielded numerous indications that the Little Rock Board of Education planned poorly for desegregating Central High School, and that some trouble might have been expected even without Governor Faubus' colossal blunder. Either through ignorance or design, the board failed to take into account what has been learned elsewhere about desegregation. Wherever desegregation has taken place smoothly, it has been the result of vigorous school-board leadership on three fronts: (1) genuine and intense support of democratic ideals, (2) involvement of the moderate and responsible elements of the community, and (3) refusal to be intimidated. The Little Rock school board struck out dismally on all three. From the outset, it adopted a philosophy of despair and defeat. This was dramatically expressed in the board's pre-trial petition to Judge Lemley, wherein it was plaintively argued that segregationists were continually implanting in the minds of the citizens that a federal court order is a nullity and that nowhere in the South has a plan of integration been put into effect except where the school officials have "supinely [!] acquiesced to the orders of the court."

What few steps the board and the school administration did take to prepare the community for gradual desegregation showed little evidence of a commitment to the democratic ideal of equal educational opportunity. Superintendent Virgil Blossom spoke to some 200 groups of Little Rock citizens. But his plan treated integration as an unavoidable evil which could be minimized by skillful management. The community was assured that school-building plans and zoning regulations would be arranged so as to continue, *in fact*, a segregated school system which would no longer be maintained *in law*. There was no attempt to make clear the basic reasoning of the Supreme Court, i.e., that racial discrimination in public education is unconstitutional because racially separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.

In effect, the school authorities told the community that its plan was designed to avoid integration as much as possible. Before Judge Lemley, Superintendent Blossom testified that there had been room for 400 Negro students at Central High, but that he had screened this number down to approximately sixty, and then down to seventeen—of whom all but nine withdrew. On cross-examination, Mr. Thurgood Marshall, the NAACP's chief counsel, asked, "Wouldn't you agree, Mr. Blossom, that you deliberately kept it as low a figure as you could?" "I've admitted that a dozen times," Mr. Blossom responded.

With an air of scholarship and conservatism characteristic of school superintendents, Mr. Blossom defended his view of what the Supreme Court meant by "deliberate speed." During cross-examination, he stated: "Now we're speaking about something that the Negro race cannot help. . . . The history that I recited to you does not reveal the centuries of opportunity, of culture, and all of those opportunities that are wrapped up in that phrase 'socio-economic background.' This generation of Negro children is not responsible for that, but it is a factor in maintaining the educational program and standards."

THE BOARD assumed that the Little Rock situation was unique and that little was to be learned from other districts in the South where school integration had taken place smoothly. In his testimony, Wayne Upton, president of the board, seemed unaware that widely divergent reactions to school integration had taken place in Southern communities which were relatively close together. Clinton and Oak Ridge, Tennessee, are both "Southern"—in fact, they are only six miles apart. Yet the Oak Ridge schools were integrated with relatively little difficulty, while the Clinton schools were scarred by strife and turmoil. The school board of Louisville, Kentucky, developed a plan of desegregation which worked smoothly, while in the Kentucky towns of Clay and Sturgis, desegregation created violent opposition. Mr. Upton knew little of how integration had been effected in Hoxie, Arkansas.

Superintendent Blossom stressed, in the course of his testimony, that curriculum planning, which had been previously emphasized at Central High, had been seriously impeded by the admission of the Negro students. Indeed, the single point made most

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frequently and emphatically by him was that the quality of education had been substantially impaired by the presence of eight Negroes (one of the original nine, Minnijean Brown, having been expelled).

Admittedly, the responsibility for developing and maintaining a program of high educational quality should be the chief concern of any board of education. But it is meaningless to discuss quality in education unless there is a preliminary agreement as to what constitutes a good curriculum. The policy-making responsibilities of a local school board require that the purposes of the curriculum be made explicit so that the board, acting for the people of the community, may have some set of standards against which to evaluate the effectiveness of the school program. There is almost universal acceptance among the thousands of school boards in the nation that preparation for good citizenship is at, or close to, the top of the imperative needs of youth. It was the duty of the Little Rock Board of Education to establish the goals of Central High School in terms of the knowledge and skills, and more important, the behavior and overt actions, which are essential for good citizenship in a democracy. Only in the light of these goals can educational quality be measured.

ONE does not have to be a professional educator to recognize that students learn more in school than is to be found in their textbooks. The most valuable addition the school board could have made to the Central High curriculum was to give white and Negro students an opportunity to learn they could go to school together harmoniously. Conversely, the reluctance or inability of the Little Rock Board of Education to carry out the supreme law of the land in the operation of Central High taught the students disrespect for law and order by demonstrating that a hard core of student troublemakers could repeatedly break the law with impunity. This was a disastrously immoral lesson to teach—and one which will take much unlearning.

The truth is that the board simply refused to accept the findings of fact on which the Supreme Court decision of 1954 was based, namely, that racially segregated schools are inherently unequal. White students as well as Negro students need to have the experience of studying together in an integrated cultural environment. The Little Rock board's measure of quality in the up-to-date Horace Mann High School for Negroes included physical facilities, teacher preparation and instructional supplies. But the essence of a good curriculum is the total school experience to which a student is exposed, including measures of student behavior which will indicate whether desirable changes in attitude and conduct have taken place.

MUCH OF THE testimony presented to Judge Lemley dealt with the collapse of discipline at the school. The first witness was Mrs. Elizabeth Huckaby, vice-principal in charge of girls, who has been at Central High since 1930. She testified that all through the year she had been apprehensive, not sleeping well, and that her social life had dwindled to nothing. "On weekends," she testified, "I would usually go to the country with my husband and just sit for about a day and usually by noon Sunday I would begin to revive enough to face the next week." On cross-examination by Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Huckaby admitted that she had not had any professional training in discipline. "I am afraid," she said, "my limit has been a workshop course in the summer."

J. O. Powell, vice-principal in charge of boys, characterized the discipline as chaotic, but ascribed the turmoil to a lack of prompt, firm and effective action. Although he was the school board's own witness, Mr. Powell, on cross-examination by Wiley Branton, counsel for the NAACP, gave evidence that was extremely damaging to the board's position. He testified that no disruption had taken place inside the classrooms and continued: "I wish that we, as administrators, had followed the teachers' example in being able to control and maintain order as admirably as those teachers have in the classrooms." He asserted that he had received no specific instructions for coping with the special problems which might confront him as a result of the integration controversy with the exception of a board policy statement on discipline *which did not appear until the second semester had already started.*

The high point of this witness' testimony was the disclosure that he had recommended suspension of a small group of habitual offenders involved in incidents with Negro students or in acts of vandalism. These recommendations were not adopted by the principal. Mr. Powell expressed his personal conviction that if the group of some twenty to twenty-five ringleaders and "repeaters" had been removed by juvenile authorities, or by some appropriate police action, the entire disciplinary situation would not have deteriorated.

The school board's next witness, A. F. Lake, Jr., director of the band, testified that Negroes had never been in the band, but that their presence in the future would create a serious problem. "Do you think it would hurt to put Negroes in the band in 1961?" Mr. Marshall asked. "That is rather speculative; I don't know," responded Mr. Lake.

The school board called upon O. W. Romine, Director of School Plant Services, as one of its star witnesses. Mr. Romine spent considerable time on the stand describing the conditions which Judge Lemley later found "intolerable." Mr. Romine had organized forty-three bomb searches during the course of the year. These were very costly because some chil-

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dren persisted, in violation of school regulations, in using locks with unregistered combinations for their lockers. When these unauthorized locks were cut off by the bomb-searchers, the students were reimbursed. Pressing home the enormity of this expenditure, board counsel Butler asked, "Do you know how much these locks cost individually?" "They cost us a $1.25 per each," Mr. Romine responded. "So that every time you would have to saw a lock off and replace it, it would cost the school district $1.25?" Butler continued. "That is right," Romine answered. Later, Judge Lemley in the memorandum accompanying his decision, noted that Mr. Romine "saw a bushel basket full of locks and that it cost the Board $1.25 apiece to replace them."

Mr. Butler asked Mr. Romine why radiators had been removed from rest rooms.

A. These were floor radiators and the fact that students urinated on those radiators when they were hot caused fumes to go through the entire building.
Q. Did that create quite a stench?
A. It did.
Q. Was there any way you could remove that stench effectively?
A. By leaving the radiators cold it could not happen.
Q. What did you finally resort to doing?
A. We removed them.
Q. Did that leave the rest rooms cold?
A. It left the rest room areas without heat.

On cross-examination, Mr. Branton asked, "You have testified at length about the obliteration, mutilation of public property at Central H. S. and destruction of physical facilities attached to the building. Is there anything as a result of your investigation that would lead you to believe that any of these acts were committed by Negro students enrolled at Central High School?" Mr. Romine responded, "It would be very difficult to tell, but my personal opinion would be that they were not."

W. P. Ivy, a teacher of mathematics for thirty-four years, testified that he didn't even know about some of the "things that went on up there until I got home and read it in the paper or saw it on television." Mr. Ivy had one Negro in each of two classes and three classes which were all-white. He testified that the grades in the two mixed classes were not as good as those in the three all-white classes. But, of course, he himself had given those grades. Presumably, too, a teacher of mathematics would know enough about sampling theory and statistical inference to realize that these data, even if achieved on objective tests, proved nothing.

The board's next witness, Miss Shirley Stancil, "guidance counselor for A through C of the tenth graders, and H through P of the eleventh graders," testified that this past year she was "more exhausted at the end of the day," and that standardized achievement tests in science had not been given because the teachers felt that the classes had not covered enough material in science. On cross-examination, Mr. Marshall asked how test results in other subjects compared with past years. "About the same," Miss Stancil said, "the results were good."

Lawrence Mobley, basketball coach and teacher of physical education, testified that the presence of one Negro in a class of 150 students created problems. To avoid trouble, he had eliminated exercises and contests involving bodily contact between students.

THE NAACP called two expert witnesses to the stand, Dr. Virgil Rogers, Dean of the School of Education of Syracuse University, and the writer. Reduced to essentials, the testimony of the two administrators pointed up the demoralizing effects of permitting a small group of habitual troublemakers to remain in school and continue to flaunt the law with impunity. During a critical and abnormal situation, the customary discipline measures for misconduct should have been carried out more promptly and severely, rather than the reverse. The statements made by several of the board's witnesses suggesting that the staff didn't know how to handle an unusual situation because there simply had not been any discipline problems in Central High prior to the admission of the nine Negroes are, of course, untenable.

The techniques of good discipline need not be detailed here. Obviously, children will continue to use unapproved locks if their disobedience is rewarded by cash payments. Bomb scares in most schools have been brought under control quickly by adding to the length of the school day the time lost in searching lockers. Most high school students are occasionally mischievous; some are rebellious; a relative few are vicious. No teacher ought to become a high school principal before he can recognize these various types of misconduct and deal with them appropriately. School regulations are not a substitute for the state penal code. A person who commits a crime in high school should be summoned before the proper court.

JUDGE LEMLEY ruled that he was unwilling to substitute his judgment for that of the school administration in deciding what disciplinary steps should have been taken. Yet, since the principal of Central High School was not called to the stand to testify (a most significant fact, in itself), the judge should have given great weight to the testimony of the vice-principal in charge of boys. It is most significant that Mr. Powell's recommendations for stricter discipline coincided with the findings of the two expert witnesses called by the NAACP. But Judge Lemley discounted the testimony of all three, claiming that the two Northerners were too far from the situation in Little Rock—and that Mr. Powell had been too near.

In his decision, Judge Lemley admitted that under the Supreme Court decision the eight Negroes in Central High have a Constitutional right not to be excluded from any of the public schools on account of race. But the learned judge reasoned "that the time for the enjoyment of that right has not yet come." His agreement with the school board that any Negro in Little Rock could get a good high school education by attending a colored school is a denial of the role of the free public school in making a reality of our American Dream.

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Lebanon: Revolt in Waltz Time . . *by Edward Wakin*

A LEBANESE Cabinet Minister was once asked why his country did not make peace with Israel, whose powerful army could crush the 8,000-man Lebanese force. "What would you do," he was challenged, "if Israel attacked you?" The reply (no doubt apocryphal): "I don't know, but it would be good for business."

From the beginning of the Lebanese crisis, this dollar-and-cents factor permeated the situation, and it was obvious that the opposition strategy was to undermine the pro-Western regime of Camille Chamoun by undermining business. Using as an excuse the now-forgotten assassination of a pro-Communist newspaper publisher, the opposition called a general strike in a country where government's main job is to act as a commercial agent for the national occupation of buying and selling.

At the outset of the strike, the pro-Government Lebanese, mainly Christians, simply could not believe that the country was being brought to a standstill. But when the rebels, mainly pro-Nasser Moslems, started throwing bombs, things became clear very quickly. The shopkeepers, with a prudence that characterizes them all over the world, pulled down their corrugated iron shutters and prepared to sit things out. The breakdown of the population into Moslem and Christian was underlined every time you got into one of the few taxis left operating in Beirut. The driver, defying the general strike, displayed his Christian trademark, a religious picture on the car's visor.

In a twilight zone between general strike and general rebellion, the Lebanese carried on what looked like a comic-opera revolution. Soldiers and rebels held amiable phone conversations with each other. Army units fired only in response to rebel attacks, and then transported rebel wounded to the nearest hospital in Army ambulances. Rebel leaders had Government permission to move freely about the country in order to transact their business. When one of them was asked why the Army let his supply trucks pass military checkpoints, he replied that it was a "strange revolution." Indeed it was. It was a revolution in waltz time.

THE LEBANESE, whose modern history of independence adds up to twelve years, did not need long memories to recall the earlier strike of 1952. It was done so casually then; why not again? Even the starring characters are the same: Chamoun, now President; Sami as-Solh, now Premier, and Kamal Jumblatt, now leading his so-called army of Druse against the Chamoun regime.

When President al-Khoury resigned following the 1952 strike, Chamoun and Jumblatt were political bedfellows as leaders of the Nationalist Bloc. As-Solh cooperated by publicly criticizing al-Khoury, and then resigning as Premier. General Fuad Chehab, as commander of the Army, stood by Chamoun and Jumblatt and took over as caretaker Premier. A little later, Chehab resigned to permit Chamoun, who had been elected President by Parliament, to take office. The next year, Saeb Salam, who today leads the Lebanese opposition, was Chamoun's Premier.

Insofar as the latest Lebanese crisis reflects this rotating door of Levantine politics, no Lebanese worthy of his country's live-and-let-live philosophy was going to upset his family by getting shot. From Beirut to mountain villages north, south and east, the telephone operators were kept busy with calls reporting the comforting news: "Cousin George phoned from Tripoli. He is safe. Everyone here in Beirut is fine. Don't worry. We will try to drive up to the mountains this weekend to see you."

The Lebanese are conditioned to look at life in such personal and practical terms relating to family, village and religious sect. To slogans, logic or flamboyant arguments in behalf of national fulfillment, they react with what can be described as a Lebanese smirk, indicative of their political sophistication. As between a Sten gun and a cash register, there was never any doubt how they would choose. Against both Israel and the pro-Nasser rebels, the Army dragged its feet.

Lebanon's role as the Switzerland of the Middle East is dictated by the inescapable facts of geography. Located at the crossroads of Africa, Asia and Europe, the prosperity and political attitudes of the Lebanese arise out of their historical role as traders. Their resources, otherwise, are meager; the population is small (1.5 million); the area is less than the state of Connecticut. Four parallel lines on a map sum up the physical face of the country—Mediterranean lowland, a mountain range, a fertile plateau and a second mountain range spilling into Syria. From north to south the country extends 120 miles, and from west to east thirty to thirty-five miles.

IN THE FIRST strip of mountains overlooking the Mediterranean, the Mount Lebanon range, the Ottoman Turks created the pre-World War I autonomous Sanjaq of Lebanon. It was mainly Maronite Catholic, now the largest single religious minority group in the country, and Druse. In the fertile pockets of mountain land, impenetrable to outsiders, religious minorities and political dissidents created their own little enclave and built Lebanon's tradition as an asylum.

To this day, a Lebanese worries more about his village than about the nation, and looks upon the government as a guardian of mountain villages that are no longer impenetrable. He is *par excellence* a man without a country. The bulk of Beirut's population, comprising one-third of Lebanon, still maintains village roots. Once a friendly policeman on the beat was described to me as "a nice fellow, but unfortunate. He's from Beirut. He has no village."

EDWARD WAKIN, a New York newspaperman, has just returned from a six-week tour of Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. This was his second visit in recent years; he spent most of 1955 in the area.

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France, traditionally the protector of the Lebanese Christians, took over from the Turks after World War I as the mandatory power for Syria and Lebanon. In creating "Le Grand Liban," France added to the Sanjaq of Lebanon the coastal towns of Beirut, Sidon, Tripoli and Tyre, and eastern and northern areas—all focal points of the present troubles, especially Sidon, Tripoli and Tyre.

"Le Grand Liban" included a variety of religious sects: Maronite, Greek, Armenian and Roman Catholics; Greek and Armenian Orthodox; Jews, Druse, Protestants, Shii and Sunni Moslems, and even Jacobites, Chaldeans and Nestorians. Most of them have been established in their individual locales for centuries. Traditionally, local authority was divided among them. The National Pact of 1943 formalized this religious framework, providing for a Maronite Catholic President and a Sunni Moslem Premier, with the parliamentary seats divided proportionately among the sects.

YET A REMNANT of the days of French protection of the Christians and its mandate still clouds Lebanese confessionalism. The Christians had initially a place of dominance as the better-educated, the more Westernized, and therefore usually the most prosperous community. Lebanon was pro-Western because the Christians, in keeping with their business and cultural interests, made it that way. The closeness of the Christians to the Western world was intensified by the large number of emigrants they sent abroad. According to the Levantine system of counting, some 350,000 Lebanese in the United States can still vote in the homeland. You can go to Detroit, Boston or Brooklyn and use your village affiliation as a passport among the large Lebanese groups in those cities. Before Alaska interfered, the Lebanese used to talk of becoming the forty-ninth state.

At home in Lebanon, the attitude of Christian villagers toward the Moslems is transparent. The Christians consider themselves the mainstay of Lebanon, and it is an attitude that is only thinly disguised throughout the country.

Drawing by Berger

Camille Chamoun

Neither public opinion polls, nor even a recent census, exist in Lebanon, but there are handy indicators of the national division. The first thing a Lebanese knows about his fellow is whether he is a Christian or a Moslem. If a Moslem works or lives in a Christian village, he feels inferior or is regarded as such, while a Christian in a Moslem village will tell you right off that he is "better than them."

The fragmentation of the population along these lines of religious sects is now being simplified into Moslem versus Christian. The current crisis demonstrated this, as most Christians side with Chamoun and the Moslems oppose him. Eventually, the Moslems were bound to become dissatisfied with the Christian dominance in politics and the Army; Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser merely accelerated the process.

Nasserism, with its emphasis on Arab unity and anti-Westernism, appeals to the Lebanese Moslems as it does to those of other Arabic-speaking countries. In the Middle East, if not in Africa, Arab unity is trying to steer clear of a pan-Islamic label, but to any non-Moslem it will mean dominance by the Moslems. Nasser's popularity has swept the Lebanese Moslems into this movement and furnished the occasion for asserting themselves against "Western imperialists" and their adopted children, the Lebanese Christians. It is enough to repeat—even with reservations for Oriental arithmetic—the estimate that one-third of the Lebanese adult population went to Damascus to cheer Nasser last March.

At the same time, the Moslem resurgence has tended to unify the Christians, so often at odds with one another. Disappearing are the days when a Maronite would insult a neighbor with "May an Orthodox donkey trample your garden!" Even intermarriage among Christian sects and between Christians from different villages, so long frowned upon, is reducing traditional localism.

WHATEVER THE outcome of the latest crisis, Lebanon must renegotiate its Christian-Moslem partnership. Genuine fear that the partnership would disintegrate and produce a bloody religious war, more than any other factor, has accounted for the restrained tone of the revolution so far. Responsible Lebanese strive on both sides to confine the issue to politics; even the rebel leaders stress that there are Christians on their side. The Christian-dominated Lebanese Army could easily have crushed the rebels, but its commander, Chehab, realizes that in doing so, he might create a religious upheaval for the sake of a politician in trouble.

The politician, Camille Chamoun, tried to defy the accelerating emergence of the Moslems under Nasser's siren call. The so-called popular vote of confidence in the 1957 parliamentary elections for Chamoun's pro-Westernism was nothing but the result of high-pressure political maneuvering. Throughout Lebanon, Chamoun manipulated the system of proportional representation so that he won overwhelming control of the Parliament and the necessary two-thirds majority for amending the constitution to permit a second presidential term.

Many pro-Western moderates saw the danger of a parliament that was not truly representative and gravitated into something called a Third Force, which stood half-way between Chamoun and his enemies. The outright opposition to Chamoun was led by ambitious politicians and defeated candidates, like Jumblatt,

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seeking revenge. The hodge-podge of overlapping political ambitions put Moslem leaders like Premier as-Solh into Chamoun's camp, and prominent Christians like the former foreign ministry head, Fuad Ammoun, into the opposition.

But the basic religious danger was foremost in the mind of Patriarch Paul Meouchi when, defying most of his followers, he opposed his fellow Maronite, Chamoun. Meouchi was courageously looking beyond the immediate crisis and superficial groupings of politicians, and espousing a policy of peace with the Moslems based in part on recognition of their minimum demand for neutrality in the cold war. Those close to the situation say that the Maronite leader is the Vatican's chief negotiator with the resurgent Moslems. Meouchi argues pointedly that there are "too few of us and too many of them" in the Middle East.

MEANWHILE, the bankruptcy of U.S. diplomacy in Lebanon, as in the rest of the Middle East, stems largely from our failure to look at things from the Middle East point of view. We admire Lebanon's Foreign Minister, Charles Malik, but in the Middle East and in his own country he suffers from the Dulles malady. His voice is not heard by his own people and popular leaders in other Middle Eastern countries consider him treacherous. This goes on while his President gives him *carte blanche.*

Malik still has not learned that it is no longer possible to be more Western than the Westerners or more American than the Americans. During his earlier headline days at the United Nations, he was respected among diplomats as a philosopher and among philosophers as a diplomat. It may even have been Malik's Ph.D. from Harvard that really sold him to us, but back home in Lebanon many, if not most, of the people think he is placing his own country second to the United States.

Certainly, Malik's acceptance of the doubtful Eisenhower Doctrine was the kind of political folly that no realist in the Middle East would commit. Malik and Chamoun apparently even expected the United States to help them in domestic politics for favors rendered. It is not enough that Malik is with us. The question is, can he deliver the goods? Can Lebanon be held together and still be totally committed to the West?

In the long run, Lebanon's neutrality is a requirement for keeping the Moslems in partnership with the Christians. Beyond this, it will be necessary to renegotiate the situation of the Moslems. Governmentally, the Christians must work hard at cooperation with them: the partnership will really have to be fifty-fifty in parliament, in government patronage and in policy-making. And in the give-and-take of the political and economic marketplace, the Moslems' progress will come about naturally.

The alternative—and it is being quietly discussed by many Christian Lebanese—is partition back in the direction of the Turkish Sanjaq of Lebanon. The tiny independent state that remained would probably be prosperous, since it would no doubt include Beirut; it would be overwhelmingly Christian, and even nationalistic; and it would certainly be the kind of pro-Western Lebanon that Malik and Chamoun have been talking up. In this event, the Christians of the Middle East would have an Israel of their very own.

WALDEN ON TRIAL . . *by Truman Nelson*

FOR SOME TIME now I have been looking for a small, Archimedean piece of earth on which to base a larger-than-life thrust against the cloying and crushing inertia of people who can no longer be outraged, who simply do not care any more. Having burned my fingers often in dangerous causes, this time I wanted a cause to suit my natural timidity, restricted spare time and peaceable mold of mind — something pear-shaped and inoffensive, without coloration from the Left or from the Right, and preferably without any political content at all.

On July 13, 1957, I thought I had found it when, at the annual meeting of the Thoreau Society, we were all shocked by the news that Walden had been invaded by chain saw and bulldozer and that over an acre and a half of the beautiful slope and scalloped shore line had been stripped of its trees and undergrowth and its top soil excavated to a considerable depth and dozed into the clear waters of the pond to make an artificial beach. Visiting the pond later as a member of the Save Walden Committee, I found that this dusty wound was only the incision for perpetual disfigurements; that a cinder-block bathhouse, one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide and twelve feet high, would be set along the water's edge. From it would come the creeping horror of a black-top road twenty feet wide, snaking up the ravaged shore in a deep bend to an enlarged parking lot where up to now there had stood a thick screen of ancient oaks against the abrasive intrusion of a mechanical world.

Never, it seemed to me, had there been a clearer call for action from principle; never a more gross violation of public trust. This land had been given to the people of Massachusetts by Emerson's children and friends as an evergreen memorial to the two great and noble men. There have been bathing facilities there for years, a concession faint-hearted purists have made to public administration, but they were cautiously installed on a natural beach without destruction of the enveloping tree screen or the natural slope and cover. It said in the deed of gift, "the sole and exclusive purpose of the conveyance is to aid the

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Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands, for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature."

NINE MONTHS later I sat on a hard seat in a hot courtroom in East Cambridge, sadly pondering the high cost of action from principle as five lawyers, a Master and a court stenographer ground out ten days of small legalisms at the staggering collective expense of $1,000 per day. The man for whom this site is venerated had already put its values on trial, 130 years ago. *His* budget for truth-seeking was $28.12½ for a house, $18.14 for eighteen months' subsistence. The land itself had been bought by Emerson for $8.08 per acre; the rent paid by Thoreau was a masterpiece.

We tried to explain the lien of immortality on this little Yankee woodlot to the men behind the bulldozers in three rather tense meetings. They listened politely but uncomprehendingly and at last we had to sue for a temporary injunction against the Middlesex County Commissioners, the custodians of the pond, restraining them from altering or destroying the shores and nearby woodlands. This was granted by a Superior Court judge, after viewing the havoc, in a matter of minutes. But we were told that a permanent solution involved questions of law which should be decided by the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth.

To save time and money, His Honor suggested that the facts in the case be stipulated by both parties and a trial avoided. We agreed, believing the facts were clear enough; no one would deny that the trees were down and the bank scooped out; and the commissioners had supplied the plaintiffs with a blueprint of future plans showing the location and the girth of every tree removed and the altered contour of the slope.

The judge's practical suggestion was adamantly resisted by the commissioners, who insisted on going through with the trial in the hope perhaps that the society, with its resources based on dues of one dollar per year, might fall by the wayside, worn out by this contrived attrition. It did not seem to bother them that this was sheer cannibalism, for the commissioners' legal expenses would also have to be paid by us and the other citizens of Massachusetts who have already lost nearly a hundred beautiful trees and their uniquely historical setting.

Picture Collection, N.Y. Public Library

Walden Pond (Drawing by R. Ruzicka)

On April 7, the trial began and the commissioners' lawyers at once created a turbulent atmosphere of combat and tension, although there was no jury to be emotionally affected, not even a judge, but a most patient and forbearing gentleman-Master, so mindful of the historic significance of his stint that he allowed the fullest latitude possible under the law to avoid a time-wasting review later on under some technicality.

For instance, the commissioners' lawyers, with the ferocity and cunning required to keep a client out of the electric chair, resisted the introduction of a report in which twelve distinguished men of letters, four of them Pulitzer Prize-winners, agreed to meet with the commissioners and discuss the significance of Walden. The document also contained recommendations made by Walter Gropius and Norman Newton, who is president of the American Society of Landscape Architects, as to the condition and future of the pond, made on the spot at our request and at a survey arranged for the accommodation of the chief commissioner, who did not show up. Our lawyer and members of the committee had seen this report handed to the commissioner, or laid on his desk. Now he rejected it out of hand; said he did not read it because it had not been properly signed. It was kept out of the trial record for the same reason: certain objec-

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tions by the commissioners' lawyers made it mandatory for the Master to exclude it unless we fulfilled some technicalities which, at that stage, could drag the trial on another day. So the point was dropped while one of the commissioners' lawyers shouted, "The people in the report are nothing but rabble-rousers!"

The personality of this lawyer set the tone of the hearing. He adopted the role of Public Prosecutor, defending the right of elected officials to use their judgment in any matter under their jurisdiction without being questioned and harassed by a mere citizen. He implied that there is something sinister about calling commissioners to account. He was tiresomely loud-mouthed, swaggering and pompous. No trick of the criminal courts was too coarse or brutal for him to use against our witnesses. His first question put to them was: Are they not prejudiced because they belong to the society and are appearing as experts for nothing? (As if getting paid for their opinions would have made them impartial.) Then he calls them evasive because they cannot answer all his questions yes or no.

He kept our landscape architect, who holds a Master's from Yale, under cross-examination for six and a half hours, sometimes catechizing her from a book—which he had purchased the night before—with such primitive absurdities as, "What are the three elements of Landscape Architecture?" and expecting her to answer in the exact words on the page. He demanded the names and addresses of her clients, writing them down as if he were going to investigate them all as to her competence. For a whole day, he tried to get her to admit that if she knew her job, she could restore the stricken area to its former natural appearance, questioning in such a way that denial would be tantamount to admitting personal failure in her profession. Heroically she said no, she could not, not for a generation; and with the bathhouse there, never. He forced her close to tears when, after asking if she had ever worked for the county as a horticulturist and receiving a yes answer, he triumphantly produced a card he had ransacked from the files made available to him at the commissioners' office, listing her as a Home Demonstrator. She explained to him that this misnomer was due to some arcane arrangement of the payroll department. But she stood as a perjurer until she brought in the retired chief of her department the following day who swore that she was, indeed, employed as a horticulturist.

WHILE this licensed brutality was going on, Edward Forbes, a grandson of Emerson, came into the courtroom. He is a tall, erect man of eighty-five with an incomparable gentleness of manner and a striking resemblance to his grandfather. He quietly took a seat in the front row beside me, but the prosecutor, now so absorbed in his inquisitorial role that he could no more be cut off than a siren once the string is pulled, whirled around and advanced on him with heavy, perhaps unconscious, annoyance at the extraneous movement. Mr. Forbes, startled at this threatening approach and never having been in a courtroom before, got to his feet to defend himself. The prosecutor then rudely turned away and went back to his browbeating examination while Mr. Forbes again sat down with a baffled look. "Can't somebody stop him?" he asked me after listening a moment or two.

Later, Mr. Forbes was put on the stand and was questioned very gingerly by our lawyer so as not to bring down an attack from the ravening wolfpack on so sensitive a witness. His evidence was that he had been at Walden in 1922, the time of the gift, and recently, and that there had been changes. Even so much was admitted only under a tommygun fusillade of objections. He reached into his pocket for a piece of paper and the commissioners' lawyers closed in on him as if he was drawing a six-shooter. After a squabble, he was allowed to read it. It was no more than an affecting story told him by his uncle Edward, one of the donors, (his mother, Edith Emerson, was the other) about being taken out on the pond by Thoreau, who had slapped the water with his oar to make thunder in the far-off hills. Their second-string lawyer then asked him some trifling questions about his residences in Milton and Naushon, and he was dismissed with a look of massive frustration on his face, an expression well understood by me, for although I cannot claim close acquaintanceship with him, I know the Prophet's blood of his grandsire was deeply stirred in him by the sack of Walden and its uglification over the years.

This egregious evasion of truth disgusted me; surely the people of the state, who are actually paying these lawyers' fees, have the right to know the opinions of the man who by the strongest ties of blood and recollection, could give the best evidence of what the preservation of Walden really means.

OUR last witness was a gifted architect and planner, with a Master's from Harvard, and who lives a half-mile from the pond. He has been so wrought up over the desecration (he calls it man fouling his own nest) that I thought he would shatter like crystal under the hammer of the Philistines. The prosecutor accused him of being a racist and a snob. "You say unauthorized people go in there. By unauthorized people you mean the newer races, don't you?" After a stunned look at the author of this vulgarity, our witness said with precision, "I do mean races. I have seen motorcycle races being held on the path around the pond." He then proceeded to put into the record clear evidence that every canon of conservation, engineering and park management had been violated at Walden for years.

Then came the commissioners' defense, already indicated by the constantly recurrent and atrociously-phrased question of the prosecutor, that was it not possible "to re-forestrate the new beach so that it conforms or assimilates to the configuration of the contiguous area"? Upholding this was a self-taught arborist who admitted to having been employed by the commissioners and looking for more work. He suggested that Walden be planted "with dogwood and colorful plants like that." There also appeared a man with a shop in which he sold seeds

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and artificial manure, and described by the prosecutor as an "expert's expert." But even he could not claim to be able to grow trees on roads and bathhouses. Their last witness was the Chief County Commissioner himself, who said bluntly that he had not the slightest notion of what was meant by the "Walden of Thoreau and Emerson." He "was not contemporaneous with them." "That's right," cried the prosecutor. "Furthermore, Thoreau never owned an inch of land there and he has absolutely nothing to do with Walden now."

So it was on this piddling defense that this tragic waste of money and human powers had been expended! Judgment is now pending.

The record alone of this litigation will cost $1,800. Total legal costs to the society have now reached $4,494, of which we are many dollars short. The cost to the taxpayers is well over $50,000, and no restoration of damage has yet begun. What has made a simple act of principle so costly in this country today? Don't the people of this nation hold title to its natural resources and the great public sites that have shaped their destiny? And yet these beachheads, these commanding heights of our heritage, are almost always controlled by politicians who use them as their private property, who are generous about giving away that which they do not own and which costs them nothing; who will surrender anything at the drop of a tax rate to any promoter who can make a fast dollar from them, or to any contractor who can release, like the *Sorcerer's Apprentice,* leveling tides of black-top which engulf ancient strongholds of the people and drown them in oblivion. The beautiful profiles of old cities, the wild and tonic places of our youth, are eroding away forever; our children will never know them. Likewise our liberties.

So we must resist! In court, out of court, at any cost. These things are intended to be *inalienable.* The wholeness, the evergreenness of Walden Pond, a monument to a book—what are court costs compared to the preservation of this? For the beauty and the genius and the replenishment Thoreau and Emerson have created is, for mankind, inalienable.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

solidation of that aggression on India's frontier. He has paid no attention to the explosive dangers of religious fanaticism.

In short, Dr. Graham, by disregarding all these vital aspects, (1) asks India to condone aggression; and (2) offers Pakistan the enjoyment of the fruit of its aggression.

You have referred to the question of plebiscite. All the statements of the Government of India and of the Prime Minister with regard to this were conditioned by one important principle, viz., that India would not compromise with aggression.

Thus Lord Louis Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, in his letter of October 27, 1947, insisted that consulting the wishes of the people of Kashmir would take place "as soon as law and order have been restored in Kashmir and her soil cleared of the invader."

The Prime Minister of India reiterated, on October 28, 1947, in a telegram to Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, "the Government of India will abide by the peoples' wishes, but these cannot be ascertained until peace and order prevail."

On October 31, 1947, again the Prime Minister of India telegraphed to the Prime Minister of Pakistan: "As soon as the invader has been driven from Kashmir soil and law and order restored, the people of Kashmir would decide the question of accession."

How India and the people of Kashmir waited, and for how many years, for the vacation of aggression, is now a matter of history. The progress of democracy in India—typified among other things by two general elections—could not wait forever, and particularly on the will of a Government which had precipitated the Kashmir question by aggression, and which itself has had no general elections, no ascertaining of the wishes of its own people, since its birth eleven years ago.

Since 1951, when the people of Kashmir on adult franchise elected a Constituent Assembly, the same democratic progress as in the rest of India has prevailed in Kashmir.

V. R. Bhatt
Public Relatians Officer,
Permanent Mission of India
to the United Nations

New York City

The core of Mr. Bhatt's argument would seem to be that, since Pakistan was clearly the aggressor in Kashmir, to hold a plebiscite there would be to condone aggression. This is, theoretically, a defensible thesis; but it is one which India abandoned ten years ago. On August 13, 1948, and on January 5, 1949, the United Nations Commission for India and Pakistan passed two resolutions, *both of which were accepted in principle by India* as well as by Pakistan. The resolutions provided, in essence, for (1) the establishment of a cease-fire and truce in Kashmir; (2) the total withdrawal of Pakistani troops and the withdrawal of *the bulk* of India's military forces; and (3) a plebiscite to settle the future of the state. A bloody and costly war was thus brought to an end, and no doubt this humane purpose was uppermost in Mr. Nehru's mind when he accepted the formula. Whatever his motives, he did accept it; and he cannot now disengage himself from the responsibilities involved.

Mr. Bhatt is on firmer ground when he argues that as long as Pakistan fails to adhere to the provisions of the resolutions which call for the total withdrawal of Pakistani troops, there is no moral or legal obligation on India to adhere to the plebiscite provision. The question of troop withdrawal is complex; what is important is that Dr. Graham, as U.N. "good officer," has suggested that, after the withdrawal of all Pakistani soldiers, a U.N. force should be stationed on Pakistan soil along the Pakistan-Kashmir border. Karachi has accepted the idea; we do not believe that Mr. Bhatt's objections to it will convince the thoughtful reader.

The evidence seems clear that, whatever Mr. Nehru wanted ten years ago, he does not now want a plebiscite in Kashmir. And it is ironic that this remarkable man, who time after time has so obstinately—and so admirably—clung to the moral position with regard to the world conflicts swirling about him, should resort to legalisms (including the legalisms of that British Parliament which he spent a lifetime fighting) to justify his stand on Kashmir.

The Editors

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Terrible Truth

THE QUESTION. By Henri Alleg, with an introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by John Calder. George Braziller, Inc. 123 pp. $2.95.

Jerrold Lanes

THE FRENCHMAN Henri Alleg was editor of the independent, pro-FLN *Alger Républicain* from 1950 to September, 1955, when the newspaper was banned. In November of 1956, Alleg went into hiding to escape internment. He was arrested by men of the 10th paratroop division on June 12, 1957, held for a month at the "clearing center" of El Biar, and then transferred to the internment camp at Lodi. Still another month later, he was finally brought before a civil magistrate and charged—he was a Communist—with endangering the safety of the State. Since that time, he has been held in the civil prison of Algiers, while his case awaits investigation. *The Question* is a soberly written account of the tortures he underwent at the hands of the paratroops of El Biar.

It is a horrifying book. In addition to the classic ordeals of fire and water, hunger and thirst, Alleg came to know a modern classic, the magneto. And there were obscene tortures, although perhaps not as many in his case as in others. All this bestiality does not go without a certain exaltation. Alleg expresses it at one point, at the thought of having held out; Djamila Bouhired, a twenty-year-old Moslem woman who had been a liaison agent for the FLN before her capture, also expressed it when she said: "Those who tortured me had not the right to humiliate humanity as they did, physically in my person, morally in themselves." We may feel it with them; but if this is a noble and in a sense ennobling book, the dominant impression it leaves is one of a progressive and finally an almost total degradation, a degradation both of persons—except for the tortured, the outlawed—and of social institutions. *The Question* is far more than an account of atrocities, however spectacular.

It is on the degradation of persons that Sartre insists, in a perceptive introduction whose thesis is best illustrated by quotation:

> During the war, when the clandestine press spoke of the massacre of Oradour, we watched the German soldiers walking inoffensively down the street, and would say to ourselves: "They look like us. How can they act as they do?" And we were proud of ourselves for not understanding. Today we know that there was nothing to understand. The decline has been gradual and imperceptible. But now when we raise our heads and look into the mirror, we see an unfamiliar and hideous reflection: ourselves.

The French have discovered a "terrible truth," that "anybody, at any time, may equally find himself victim or executioner"; that, despite what some may say to soothe their uneasiness, you do not have to be of a peculiar breed of sub-men to torture other men, because "the 'Question' is not inhuman; it is simply an ignoble and vicious crime committed by men against man. . . . We would be almost too lucky if these crimes were the work of savages." For Sartre they are far from that. "Disavowed—sometimes very quietly — but systematically practiced behind a facade of democratic legality, torture has now acquired the status of a semi-clandestine institution."

Sartre's explanation of how the Algerian situation caused it to achieve that status is certainly the correct one, and is well worth emphasizing.

> The question . . . is indissolubly allied to the secrecy of the resistance. . . . Our army is scattered all over Algeria. We have the men, the money and the arms. The rebels have nothing but the confidence and support of a large part of the population. . . . The "forces of order," hindered by their own might, have no defense against guerrillas except punitive expeditions and reprisals, no defense against terrorism but terror. . . . It is the executioner who becomes Sisyphus. If he puts "the question" at all, he will have to continue forever.

It inevitably happens that the situation which permits this "institution" is not only psychological, but institutional as well. For the whole logic of the Algerian War and of the French policy, at least as practiced until recently, allows no compromise between constant, totalitarian repression and total evacuation—including private persons, as in Indochina. And liberal writers have often pointed out that the totalitarian system in force in Algeria had sooner or later to spread to France—just as basically it had originated in France, with the abandonment of republican authority by the administration in Paris. On the day-to-day level of the *fait divers*, this process is difficult to analyze in any detail — it tends rather to be diffusely infuriating. Yet these thousand and one incidents, precisely because they are so routine, are what really determine the course of such great events as those we saw two months ago. Independent or opposition newspapers are confiscated even for publishing something known, or something obvious, or something also reported elsewhere—now, because these are critical newspapers, they are the ones to be confiscated. Alleg publishes a narrative which is beyond the scandalous; the book is not refuted, still less is it legally prosecuted, yet neither is there any trial of the torturers. The tortures continue while the book is confiscated. As Maurice Duverger wrote, "Frenchmen . . . who declare themselves officially republican . . . advance an ultra-nationalist argument whose character is clearly *totalitarian, since its conclusion is to make the raison d'état the highest criterion of values.*"

NOW it was this complicity of Paris in what was going on — "in its name," as Alleg says — at Algiers, and the way this complicity was translated into even the legal status of institutions, that finally brought down the Fourth Republic. Of this process, there is no more telling example than the famous "Commission for the Safeguard of Individual Rights and Liberties" — which was formed to investigate, rectify and in future prevent just such cases as Alleg's. Its failure was pitiful: at one point in Alleg's narrative, he tells how the paratroops kept transferring him from one building of the "clearing center" to the other, and how he learned from snatches of overheard conversation that they were expecting the visit of a com-

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mission; he didn't know which one, and only later found out that it was the Commission of Safeguard.

The history of this group goes back to April of 1955, when a state of emergency was declared in Algeria, and to March of 1956, when the famous law on special powers was passed, endowing the government with "the broadest powers to take any exceptional measure which circumstances may command" in Algeria, and leaving it up to the local authority to decide what these measures might be. Then, in April, 1957, Lacoste formally delegated these powers to the Algerian prefects, whom he empowered to "subdelegate" them to the military if they saw fit — in doing which he only legalized "the procedures [already] in effect." Parliament had thus granted "the broadest powers" of a discretionary nature to the government, which in its turn had passed them on to the civil administration in Algiers, which gave them to the army. The democratic bodies, then, had divested themselves of all authority, and it is interesting that no provocation, no crisis was great enough to cause them to resume it. And this was why, for the *normal* exercise of parliament's supervisory functions, there had to be appointed a special body not provided for in the regular course of republican affairs, and indeed not needed there: the Commission for the Safeguard of Individual Rights and Liberties.

For by May of 1957 reports of torture had become sufficiently frequent, detailed, prominent and generally horrible that they could not be ignored. The government suddenly found in itself the virtues of St. George. Mollet, in a preliminary debate on the matter, "wished the Assembly itself would join in [the government's] quest for truth. There will never be enough efforts to reach it; there will never be enough investigations." The very day the Commission was officially invested, he reminded them that "France is the very home of the rights of man. There are methods which her children may not use without casting a slur on her honor." He later promised that the Commission was to act "in entire freedom," that it would "itself determine the extent of the powers which seemed necessary for the accomplishment of its mission."

BUT just what *was* this mission? Originally, the idea had been for the group to consist entirely of jurists, these being the men best qualified to judge questions of legality, to be independent of the power that created it and authorized to carry out any investigation it wished in whatever way—it was to be answerable only before justice and the nation. Yet now, the jurists were in a minority and Mollet, while giving the group "entire freedom," also declared that it was dependent on the minister resident in Algiers — for of course it could imply no suspicion of that august personage. The group was thus under the jurisdiction of the very official declared responsible for the atrocities it was supposed to investigate. Investigate? As the Commission's report was later to note, "The Commission is without powers. It has no judicial power and can proceed to no investigation . . . can neither give orders or instructions to the civil or military administrations, nor set the public process in motion, nor take whatever sanctions it might feel necessary." In brief, it was set up in such a way that the last thing it could do was the task it had been created to perform.

This is, of course, just one episode out of many, but a particularly significant one; and not so remote from Alleg, either, since the Commission's success would have spared him much suffering, and others, their lives. What it proves is that the events in Algiers, during the recent crisis as well as before, were not instances of insubordination toward Paris, still less a coup d'état against the Republic. The forces in Algiers were merely exercising the totalitarian jurisdiction the Republic had been giving them, for more than two years, as it abdicated.

Résumé

(*In Memoriam T. R., Jr.*)

I said to my old teacher,
"I was just a child.
That's why I was wild."

I said to my old mother,
"Mother, I was right
Though you have won the fight."

I said to my old girl,
"It's lucky we lay
Then, that way."

I said to my old self,
"Throw away those shoes."
Now there's nothing to lose.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

Memorandum Scholarship

SOVIET EDUCATION FOR SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY. By Alexander G. Korol. M.I.T.-John Wiley & Son. 513 pp. $8.50.

SOVIET EDUCATION. Edited by George L. Kline. Columbia University Press. 192 pp. $3.50.

Ivan D. London

IN THE general acclaim accorded to Korol's *Soviet Education for Science and Technology* questions concerning its soundness as a piece of research and scholarship have somehow got lost. It has been taken as a warning and spur to our own educators in these fields, but its findings have not been examined with impartial care. Yet, one must finally ask what is the intrinsic merit of this book?

Where do we get the answer? One cannot expect that overworked jack-of-all-trades, the Russian expert, to render the sort of judgment critical students of education would like to have. The key to the evaluation of reports on Soviet education is less academic journalism and tourism and more research — by *researchers* and not research assistants or assignees. This calls for men qualified by training and accomplishment and not near-amateurs who happen to know the Russian language. It also calls for such men personally to undertake or share the so-called chores and routine of research, rather than to depend on the output of memorandum-writing proxies-in-research; for the researcher can spot major items of interest, as well as clues, where his assistant or assignee will detect nothing. Unfortunately, the research arena everywhere has its influential representation of those who do not depend on their own efforts and inner resources; and delegated scholarship — memorandum-scholarship, if you will — is an established practice in the pursuit of publishable findings.

Research indicates that, as a piece of serious scholarship, Korol's book is variously defective at intervals throughout its length, and that it does not carry the subject much further than Nicholas DeWitt's excellent pioneering study on education in the USSR, *Soviet Professional Manpower*, which had the misfortune of appearing in 1955 before sputnik. The pervasive defectiveness of Korol's book springs from his inexplicable failure to abide by one of the elementary principles of scholarship, namely, to survey and utilize all the relevant literature,

IVAN D. LONDON, Associate Professor of Psychology at Brooklyn College, is a researcher in Soviet affairs.

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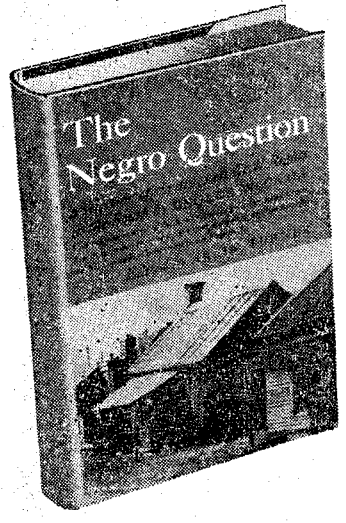
School Integration?

We have been making too much ado over this matter of mixed schools. . . . The schoolroom neither requires nor induces social equality; that is a matter of personal preference. . . . My boy may go to public school, mixed or unmixed for twenty years, and never happen to sit next to an exact equal, either physically, socially, mentally or morally.

Letter to the *New Orleans Bulletin*, by a Southern Gentleman
September 26, 1875



THE NEGRO QUESTION

By GEORGE W. CABLE

This brilliant analysis of the South's enduring conflict, written more than sixty years ago, presents the most compelling case yet for the full extension of civil rights to the Negro. As a post-Reconstruction voice of reason, George W. Cable stated the arguments of logic, economics, and conscience perhaps better than many liberal voices state it today. His essays on The Freedman's Case in Equity, What Shall the Negro Do?, National Aid to Southern Schools, The Good Samaritan, The Open Letter Club and ten others provide an amazingly conscientious and incisive attack on America's greatest social problem. In style, succinctness and timeliness, no current volume can surpass it.

Edited by Arlin Turner

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not defining relevance *a priori*, but allowing it to emerge in the course of the research itself. This is especially important in dealing with Soviet material on education, since data here rarely appears in neatly packaged form, but must sometimes be sought out and found in the most unlikely places. In Korol's study such important journals as *Mathematics in the School* and *Physics in the School*, for example, are almost totally ignored.

This leads Korol to announce from time to time that no data is available, and to fill the gaps with logical deduction, when these data could have been amply had merely for the systematic looking. Thus, he declares the unavailability of sample questions drawn from the standard written examination in trigonometry, taken to qualify for graduation from the Soviet secondary school, but hazards that these must be as difficult as those comprising the standard examination in algebra. Yet, sample questions are to be found in the professional literature, and these show that they are part of, not a trigonometry test, but a test in "geometry with trigonometric application." Further investigation shows that even this test is now oral and not written; that the test is standard only insofar as the topics to be tested are nationally prescribed; that the teachers know in advance what these topics are and engage in year-long drilling thereon; that it is these teachers who make up the terminal test questions, adjusting them to reasonable local expectations; etc., etc. No wonder so many Soviet students appear to perform so well in their secondary examinations, to the envy of misled American educators, and perform so poorly in equivalent entrance examinations to Soviet institutions of higher learning, to the alarm of Soviet educators who report in the Soviet pedagogical press their concern at the steadily downward leveling of standards and performance.

The result of the key defect in Korol's study—failure to ferret out the critical data in sufficient measure—leads to a presentation which goes through the motions of giving a balanced picture of Soviet education, but which leaves one with an overall impression of high accomplishment and determined, rapid progress. The fact is that Soviet education on all levels has not been spared the same problems which beset educators everywhere; nor have the Russians found the answers. Actually, with Khrushchev's program of vocationalizing the secondary schools and the *de facto* deprivation, for all but a few, of opportunity to advance through enrollment in higher institutions of learning, Soviet education on the secondary level is in a state of acute crisis and, as of now, the prospect for the future is not good. One would not suspect this from reading Korol.

AN especially fruitful source of insight into the Soviet system of education is the human product thereof, and particularly the ex-Soviet educator, accessible as an exile in the emigration. This source has been unexploited in any systematic way, but some insight into the possibilities is afforded by the small collected volume, *Soviet Education*, edited by George Kline. Though it mainly pictures prewar education in the USSR, and does so, of course, in personal terms, many of the problems and situations are, without a doubt, still unchanged these many years afterward. This book is especially commended to the reader interested in the human effect and feel of things. For those who choose to read Korol's book as an introduction to the Soviet educational scene—and this may be profitably done, but with circumspect reservations — Kline's volume is a good supplement.

Malady of Thought

FOSSILS AND PRESENCES. By Albert Guérard. Stanford University Press. 270 pp. $5.

Lewis Gannett

ALBERT GUERARD, one of France's great scholars, has, for more than half a century, been one of America's great teachers. He came of age in Paris in the decade of the Dreyfus case, which rocked the conscience of France as neither the Sacco-Vanzetti nor the Hiss case has yet roused America's. Coming to America in 1906, he taught French from Massachusetts through Texas to the Pacific, and in 1925 became "professor of general literature"—his own choice of title? — at Stanford. At seventy-eight he expects this little book to be his "farewell"; it is both scrapbook and summation.

"Faith in fearless doubt" is the creed Guérard announces on his first page; it has been the key to his life's thinking; it is his distillation of the meaning of history. History teaches us, he says, first of all the constancy of change. He

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is no antiquarian: "It is not art or literature that the pure antiquarian loves; it is decay." But he is also no revolutionist; his best known book is in praise of Louis Napoleon as contrasted with the fanatics of 1848. His hope is for "creative, conscious, experimental, accelerated gradualism"—and every one of those adjectives is as significant as the noun. He is, he tells us, with the planners, not with the drifters; with those who, doubting, think.

So he denounces the "formidable idols" of racial pride, the leviathan state, the party system, the profit motive (sometimes called by non-historians "the American way of life") and sectarian churches. He is anti-nationalist: "Nationalism is not love of our countrymen; it is militant hatred." A born Frenchman, American by choice, he is, both instinctively and intellectually, a world citizen.

WITH characteristic versatility Mr. Guérard includes in this farewell scrapbook along with the contemporary, an analytical essay on Dante and the Renaissance written in 1921, a tribute to the poet De Vigny, a prescient series of pre-war meditations on the problems of North Africa, and a citation of Thomas Mann as, along with Dante, Goethe, Voltaire and Tolstoi, one of the Kings of Humane Letters. Such kings, Guérard says, "must win the respect of the artists while acclaimed by the untutored." (Do the untutored read Mann?)

All this, you may say, has a sturdy old-fashioned, nineteenth-century ring, and that is true. But do the pronouncements of the angry young men, the beat generation, the smartly smug and the smartly pessimistic sound as sensible or as pertinent to 1958? "Pessimism," as Guérard says, "is no badge of nobility," and never has been. It might turn out that Guérard had lived long enough to see his "minority report" acclaimed as an invitation to a new age of reason. Glorification of instinct and of the unconscious and unreasoned seems to be wilting.

One of the timeliest pieces in the book was written in response to a London paper which asked Mr. Guérard how Americans thought of life.

"America is singularly free from the malady of thought," he replied. "The key to America's magnificent progress is that she stopped thinking in 1776. . . . We specialize in contentment."

That piece was dated April Fool's Day, 1929. It is good reading on April or any other fool's day in 1958.

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His Own Bowdler

TRAVELING WITH THE INNOCENTS ABROAD: Mark Twain's Original Reports from Europe and the Holy Land. Edited by Daniel Morley McKeithan. University of Oklahoma Press. 319 pp. $5.

Dilys Laing

THOSE who have never read *The Innocents Abroad* can read Dr. McKeithan's book with lively pleasure. A greater satisfaction is in store for those who either know the famous travelogue or are prepared to turn to it for comparison.

Collected here are the original letters commissioned by the *Daily Alta California* of San Francisco in 1868 and describing "The Steamship *Quaker City's* Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land." Six letters appeared in the New York *Tribune* and one in the New York *Herald.* These are the lively reports which, in the year following the excursion, were toned down, polished up and included in the book. Each letter is followed by meticulously collected data, with a minimum of commentary.

In the introduction Dr. McKeithan observes: "Nearly every revision which Twain made in the letters was an improvement." This is a matter of taste and of fashions in wit. When Twain was faced with giving his fugitive newsletters the permanency of hard covers he got scared. By changing the last two words of that sentence to "became alarmed" one has an illustration of the kind of shift from immediacy to elegance which Twain and his advisers thought necessary. The word "got" is one of the villainies which persistently "got" stamped out in the suddenly self-conscious search for a more refined kind of diction. There were many similar changes: "reckon" to "think," "he don't" to "he does not," etc.

The incorporated letters, after a few deletions, comprised more than half the book. New matter, descriptive, humorous and informative, was added fore, aft and amidships. The character, Brown, considered too crude for politer audi-

DILYS LAING is the author of a novel, The Great Year, *and three books of verse:* Another England, Birth Is Farewell *and* Walk Through Two Landscapes.

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ences, was discarded, and many of his sallies were divided between the doctor, Blucher, and the author.

In the book we find: "the irrepressible muleteers . . . shouting the everlasting 'Sekki-yah', and singing *John Brown's Body* in ruinous English." This is a poor substitute for the actual words given in the newsletter:

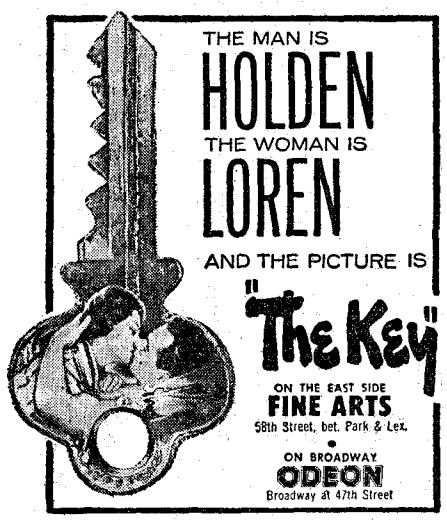
We 'ang Jeffah Davis on sowlah applah tree,
We 'ang Jeffah Davis on sowlah applah tree,
We 'ang Jeffah Davis on sowlah applah tree,
So we go molloching on!

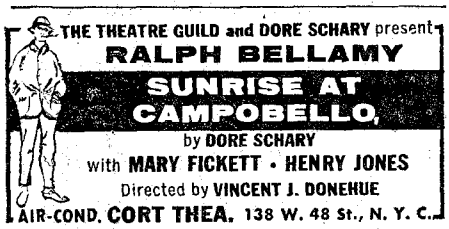
The pungent bit: "makes his breath smell like the sigh of a buzzard," is reduced to: "makes his breath bad"; the description of a dancing dervish "spinning away like a granddaddy-long-legs with one foot fast in a candle" is watered down in the book to "spinning away deliriously." "Loafing around in Paradise hobnobbing," (the reference is to the Medici ladies sororizing with the Virgin Mary and the angels) becomes limp in the phrase "seated in Heaven and conversing."

"Spit across" becomes "almost jump across" in the description of the Bridge of Sighs Canal. "Saloon" becomes "salon," "a born ass" becomes "a good natured, enterprising idiot." In describing a nag he had to ride, Twain thought better of "His tail has been chopped off or driven up," and prettified it to "his tail has been chopped off, or else he has sat down upon it too hard." One of the most striking revisions is in a passage on Morocco. In Twain's notebook the entry runs: "Many of the blacks are slaves to the Moors: — when they can read first chapter of Koran, can no longer be slaves; — would have been well to adopt educational test for nigger vote in America." In the newsletter the sentence is recast (properly omitting the improper word) to: "Many of the negroes are held in slavery by the Moors. But . . . as soon as a male slave can read the first chapter of the Koran . . . he can no longer be held in bondage. It would be a good idea to apply this educational test to his race in America." There were no further revisions of this passage for the book, but the final sentence was deleted.

Thus the river pilot, mining prospector, journalist and blunt American softened his diction and clothed the nudity of his first impressions so as to wound as few sensibilities in as wide an audience as possible. Grammar and Mrs. Grundy were at his elbow, suggesting what would be digestible for a public more civilized and elegant than the readers of a Western daily paper. Something was undoubtedly gained, but much was lost which is here happily retrieved in Dr. McKeithan's admirable book.

Readers who find long passages in *The Innocents Abroad* tiresome because of their laborious and dated facetiousness will be refreshed to find the humor of the letters more satirical, more savage and more germane to the account, stemming as it does from the moral indignation of a free man more disgusted by the iniquities and inequities of the old world than pleased by all its treasures.

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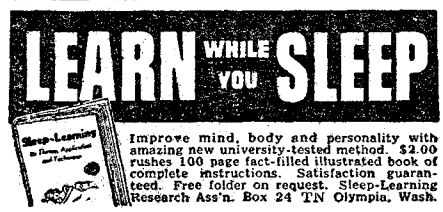
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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

CERTAINLY *Ulysses in Nighttown* (Rooftop Theatre) is a thing to see. Like *Godot, The Chairs, Endgame,* it satisfies our need for "crazy" plays. It is provocative theatre, not merely a departure from Broadway routine, but actually an imaginative venture into a creative domain.

Chief among its assets is its dramatic intelligence. Burgess Meredith, who directed with the assistance of Valerie Bettis under the literary supervision of Padraic Colum, has taken a section of Joyce's *Ulysses*—barely intelligible to many—and converted it into a fascinating stage piece with a continuity that has both psychological and narrative coherence which can be followed by the audience with interest and, for the most part, pleasure. The focus of our attention is Joyce's bewildered anti-hero Leopold Bloom, embodied in the extraordinary person of Zero Mostel—without whose vividly pathetic clowning the enterprise might have proved a calamity.

Meredith's achievement as a director deserves special attention because he makes theatrical sense of material which, despite its violence of action and pungent dialogue, is essentially non-theatrical. As I shall explain further on, Meredith did this by examining each scene and almost every line to find out how they might be visualized, that is, lucidly conveyed in stage terms. It is the opposite of what happens with most productions of Shakespeare where familiarity with the texts leads many of us to assume that the play is being staged when it is only being spoken.

It is true that some previous knowledge of Joyce and his great book helps orient the audience in their appreciation of the show: it would be worthwhile to issue a questionnaire to learn how many of the spectators were able to enjoy the performance without any acquaintance with its source. But there can be no doubt that in the main the

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audience fully responds to this *Ulysses* which can hardly be as well known to it as Shakespeare's plays.

What I have just written is more like publicity than like criticism—the distinction for American writing about the theatre is crucial—and if I have begun my review as though I intended to "push" the show, it is to make clear that what I have to say in a contrary sense is not designed to "knock" it. (Readers of *The Nation* probably have little idea how difficult it is to divorce the theatre world from the concept of reviews as either "raves" or "raps.")

Much of the detail—characterization of minor bits and the stylized movement—is crudely amateurish. This is probably inevitable, since the circumstances of production are even worse off Broadway than on. They do not permit the extended and meticulous rehearsals needed to make a good deal of the performance more than a coarse kaleidoscopic synopsis of the material.

When theatrical expressionism is projected in blunt conventional indications the result is often embarrassing. What is required is sharply etched and originally conceived figures moving with effortless fluency so that they coalesce into a phantasmagoria as authoritative as one of the nightmares of Hieronymus Bosch.

The problem is particularly knotty here because Joyce's *Nighttown* episode, though mainly written in dialogue and "stage direction," occurs in the subconscious rather than in the objective world — even the objective world of dreams. Hallucinations can be staged, but Joyce's writing—even in a realistic play like *Exiles*—is so peculiarly the articulation of an inner state that its outward representation seems somehow to betray its artistic nature. The images, sounds, utterances recorded, though sharp and violent, were never meant to be concretely seen or heard but only sensed as ideas, disturbances of the soul, a forever private or solitary evocation. All the words and the vision emanate, as it were, in silence from silence. Hence there is something aesthetically repellent in presenting *Nighttown* as a public exhibition.

The situation, I repeat, is saved by Zero Mostel who is theatrically as right as can be to the very "boiled eyes" which Joyce gives Bloom. I do not want to see Bloom in the flesh—he is such a character as dreams are made on—but Mostel's "flesh," expanding and contracting like some heartbreaking ogre of human anguish and absurdity, is equivalent to, though essentially different from, the author's more covert and spectral creature.

AND now we come to the *matter* itself—the content of Joyce's so-called novel. As Voltaire said of God, if there had been no such book it would have been necessary to invent it. It represents the end of a line, not only in literature, but in culture. In it all the stuff of our civilization—moral, intellectual, psychological—has been turned into a colossal dung heap. Vastly comic, it is also agonizing, the catastrophic explosion of a guilty conscience. A library of learning is erupted by a volcanic genius, formidable but narrow, making a work which represents either the best-be-forgotten debris of an ancient world or the seething compost of something to be reborn after the final atomization.

Joyce, the spoiled priest, the Jesuit saint whose religion was injected the wrong way, the soiled deity of the contemporary literary intellectual, because he created from a "country full of rotten teeth rotten guts living in a bog swamp, eating cheap food, paved with dust, horse-dung and consumptive's spit" and a classical education tormented by self-accusation and universal doubt (except perhaps for the vaginal affirmations of Molly Bloom) so that in the end nothing was left but a fixation on pure style—this Joyce has fashioned the greatest monument or master tombstone of our time. I have never made up my mind whether I loathe him as much as I love him. There is now only a doggedly dissatisfied awe and veneration.

Too Old To Read

The quickest movement of the quickest bird
That comes in winter, then is gone again
(But comes again, finding our suet good;
Then off; then back; and now he wipes his bill)—

That quickest movement marks the flick of time
Mankind has been here (now he brings his mate:
Less gay, more greedy; and the two contest;
Not with each other; no, the stranger there)—

Has been in houses that the wildest dream
Of the first wing, before the world was cool,
Could never have imagined standing (six
More strangers: they descend; they have it all)—

Standing here this moment, this ticktock
Of cosy time; then gone again (Oh, God,
Oh, history. These little darting eyes:
Too old to read. Nor mind, mind to remember).

MARK VAN DOREN

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

WHAT Paddy Chayefsky needs for his work is a laboratory, not a stage; he does not create people, he operates on them. This is eminently scientific, and thus harmonious with our times; but the purpose is not evident and vivisection without a goal may worry observers of less highly-developed experimental bent.

Thus in *The Goddess* Chayefsky crushes his heroine's ego in the opening sequence and then devotes the rest of the picture to the spectacle of slow degeneration into madness occasioned by the loss of this vital organ. The clinical situation is brilliantly documented and I do not doubt that it accurately describes the possible history of a woman who had been brutally rejected by her mother and left to grow up in solitude. But it cannot be called drama, for that would imply some struggle, some hope, an issue in doubt. Chayefsky does not present a human being struggling against adversity; he presents a fly with its wings pulled off.

It is curious that this sort of thing should be so well received. Of course, Chayefsky is, within his own terms, skillful and resourceful, and John Powell has directed Kim Stanley (and Lloyd Bridges) with aching realism. The plot is not a fresh one — the story of an actress remotely adored by multitudes, yet living in a personal world of loneliness, sterility and despair — but this version of it is constructed with a remorseless detail that makes the hair crawl on your spine. Whether or not it is good psychology, it convinces by the intimacy of its horror.

Still, why should people be entertained by the history of a wasting disease of the mind? Well, why are they entertained by close-up pictures of surgery in the big picture magazines? Perhaps because such spectacles stimulate the nerves (the hair crawls) but do not enlist the heart. We are chary with our hearts these days (you need a degree of security for yourself before you can weep for others). We can observe with some glandular pleasure the impersonal violence of surgery, but the clash of man against man — drama working itself out — may elicit allegiances we are no longer prepared to give.

But this is no way for men to live, whatever the future. Sympathy is the mark of grace and we might as well wear it to the end. What we need is not surgery but lamentation, not *The Goddess* but *East Lynne* — and someone to rise in the audience and cry "stop, knave!" at the mustachioed villain.

RECENT tales of the war at sea have had in common rather silly love stories ashore. The love story in *The Key* may not be entirely sensible, but it is winning, poignant, bizarre yet believable. The men of the story (principally John Wayne and Trevor Howard) command rescue tugs which go out from a British port to bring in disabled ships that have fallen out of convoy. Submarines wait by the lame ducks and the tugs carry obsolete guns. The key in question is to the flat of a girl (Sophia Loren) who lost her tug-captain fiancé early in the war; it now passes from captain to captain as the submarines do their work, each man finding a temporary nirvana in the company of a girl who still has that to give. As I say, it is not perhaps a wholly sensible idea, but Carol Reed has directed it with a decent sentimentality and it combines with the more usual scenes of battle fury to make a good entertainment.

UNLIKE *The Goddess*, the French picture starring Jean Gabin, *The Case of Dr. Laurent*, is a clinical exercise with an entirely specific purpose. It is a pamphlet advocating a technique of obstetrics known popularly as Natural Childbirth. The public health motive has been clothed, I suppose to attract the widest possible audience, in a sweet, trite little story of village life in the beautiful Alpes Maritimes. It is all done with the rather self-conscious good taste of a frank talk to school children, and my resistance to it is provoked only by a feeling that the method is inappropriate to the purpose. Jean Gabin is a fine actor, but I know perfectly well that he isn't licensed to deliver babies. So when I seem to see him delivering one (in such intimate detail as to make *Life's* editors throw their caps in the air), I wonder why I should be persuaded by any of the other apparent facts in the picture. As an educator, Gabin is here on the level of a photographer's model who straps a mirror to his forehead and announces that a new laxative has soothing action.

The picture is doing good business in New York. Are all these customers really interested in a new approach to obstetrics (actually it isn't new in this country), or are they hunting for still another demonstration of the nervous excitement of manipulation?

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